

ATLANTIA: A NEW SERIES

The New Children
1. (Six Songs)
By Bob Gould
Welcome my children
The new Children
grew and Reached
and Held
Held Firm
And Lord
Ninding All
The Tyro of Atantia
I.

He loved the land. Each yaw and pitch of the cresting highlands; each sparkle of the dappled seas. Here all was at peace; in pace with All-Life. One could search the depths of this world, probe its hidden crannies, search the soft and secret. Easy and seductive floated the day-dreams brought by tranquility.

He fell not prey to those and turned his eyes to the suns.

"You go too far, arrogant one! Attacking that which is sacred, that to be held only by those who deserve; and you, of any, have the least right! Relentless is your attack, unending are your chal-

lenges! Perhaps you can cross calibrate us all many times over, but one fatal fact remains, you are a freak, accidental in creation and devoid of purpose. You shall soon touch the limit, unique and I shall be there to relish that moment!"

The time had come

It must be done.

Now.

He turned once more to the beloved countryside. It called, beckoned, pleaded in every rush of the wind, every whisper of the grass. The cry grew loud and long, yet understanding and gentle. Reaching down, he carressed the saddened soil.

For the final time.

Leagion, the arrogant, the unique, turned his great head again to the suns, his cloak wrapped body quivering with uncontrollable devotion. His body shook again and a crystalline tear shimmered on his scalline features.

Standing firmly, his ebony eyes gulped in his final memories, those which must last an eternity.

His mind focused, intensified, braced, . . . yielded.

Leageon no longer stood on the mound of his homeland. All was hushed in quiet tribute to their now departed brother; in quiet reverence the grass ceased to sway, the leaves to sing, the shadows to strike deep and true.

A chill rose and the day waxed dark.
The journey had begun.

Immediately on hearing of his old masters worsening illness the Centurion made his way to the bedside. Throne's memory tracked to times long past when it was he who was subordinate; a yearning, eager face, thirsting for knowledge of his ever thrusting era and insight into his skill. Young mind, under the loving eyes, powers unique to him were fostered, probed, nurtured into the

powerful figure which was destined to be Throne, Centurion of the circuleir. The Master was not ignorant of his destiny, he thought, the training had been too careful, too selective; as it was to be he now held the place of his right.

"Yes, young Throne, I will teach you what you wish. You are adventurous of mind, bold of heart. Come, tyro, make ready to ride the Hot Under."

He was the first to show me the wonders of travel. The rush of time, the pierce of distance. The first to cup my ear to the shriek of a dawning world, and to the hymn of a long dormant star. The first.

"I have come, Elias."

"You are ever welcome, my friend."

Throne turned to the young figure in solemn attendance at the bedside. With a brief bow of respect he excused himself briefly and beckoned her aside.

"Is there nothing you can do for him, Morning Glory? You could grant him a final boon."

"It is his choice, Throne, he wishes to leave us, he is anxious for the end."

He turned again to the prostrate figure. The mellow of fast-fading light cast soft shadows round the room, binding all in the emotion of the moment. Bars of rich twilight streaked the blanketed form, though ever changing . . . fading . . . vanishing.

"Elias, tell me what you see."

His aged eyes flashed bright and clear in their wrinkled sockets as he turned to his kneeling companion.

"I see, dear Throne, the cryptics of millions of civilizations, future, present and past, each singular in form and function, precious in grace and beauty. And I hear the the flood of these many tongues, washing my unheeding brain with the crack and hush of their soundings."

"I do not understand master. If you cannot comprehend these words, are you not confused and dismayed?"

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"Centurion, set your reason to rest and watch with me for a moment. What could be more soothing than the language which you cannot understand?"

His face slowly turned to his bedside sentry. Again the eyes blazed strong and intense yet were focused on a horizon which his companion could not see.

"Can you see the genesis, master?"

"When you near death, dear tyro, you realize that genesis is life."

"Master, teach me the final lesson."

"Still, you question, still you probe, asking why at every turn, always ready to engulf new knowledge. Never cease your queries, Throne, it is your right. That from which you grow. But press not for the final answer, for in my time I have found it to be a futile search. There is no meaning only the sound of your voice, the reeling of your mind, the burn of your soul."

"I could remain in this life if it be my choice, but . . . I am tired . . . and eager for the new."

"Sing to the glory of yourself, apprentice, in this time we have so much . . . and so much in the future. Remember, your greatest dangers lie not in the mystery of tomorrow, but in the ignorance of yesterday."

The Centurion touched the outstretched hand, struggling to contain his mounting grief. Through liquid eyes he gazed at the now fading form.

"Farewell, my friend, I go to the genesis."

" . . . Elias!"

The room sang with the song of a thousandfold voices, touching all within, each tongue different from the next, each clear and sweet. Rejoicing in their communal perfection, in unending praise of each other, for all time future past in All Life. And the Song of Elias sounded strong and clear.

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March 2, 3 & 4
8:00 PM



THE DIARIES OF GOD

Translated from the Original Ethereal by
Eric Liberty Kimball

II

Dear Diary,

So much has transpired since my last entry, and so great an influence have the events of that interval exerted on my thinking that, reflecting now, I find that though my thought has attained a certain maturity which enables me to entertain heretofore imponderable concepts, by the same measure, much of what I once believed and held to be true I have had to discard; that is — while qualitatively my knowledge grows, quantitatively it decreases by leaps and bounds.

Is this, then, the way of wisdom? Can it be that the nature of truth is of such a genuinely profound simplicity as to be virtually unknowable to/by he who would seek it? Would not the seeker who (unknowingly, but by the very nature of his search) discounts this simplicity be destined to overlook it? And would not the seeking itself only serve to furtherly alienate one from one's goal? Bother.

These are but questions of a secondary sort, stemming as they do from my current body of thought — necessarily solipsismic. I had come to understand that the source of my difficulties lay in the differentiation of myself by myself into two distinct halves — subject and object. (I say "had" because, once again, something has come up which will undoubtedly play havoc with my theorizing — but more on that later.).

Subject and object —observer and observed. Musing over the idea of my being an existential schizophrenic, and, I might add, very much liking the sound of the thing, if not its literal meaning, I was just hanging around, trying to discover some means of surmounting the problem at hand, when — it happened.

What it was that took place I cannot quite yet say, as I am still not too sure I understand it in its entirety, but I will endeavor to record to the best of my ability what I can remember of it.

I was lost in thought, almost oblivious to everything else, when something tapped me from behind. Understandably, I let out quite a scream and, spinning around — I saw them. Two others — laughing so hard that tears were streaming down their cheeks.

Now, being rather a respectable, dignified sort of a fellow, I quickly tried to regain my composure and, thinking it entirely the proper thing to do, held out my twenty-three hands.

"Howdy!" I said, "I'm God!"

This, however, succeeded only in ushering forth from them fresh explosions of laughter. One finally stopped though, and we were able to converse after a fashion:

"Whatcha doin', fella?"

"Well, you see, I'm uh, God, and, us —"

"HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW!"

"I'm, uh, God, uh, and, uh —"

"HAW HAW!"

"I was, uh, trying to resolve my, uh, subjective — —"

"HAW HAW!"

"You see, uh, I'm infinite and, uh —"

"HAW HAW!"

It was readily apparant that these two were not the most gifted of conversationalists, and yet I somehow could't help but feel that they were getting the better of me — and all the while thoughts kept racing through my mind: "If I'm infinite, how'd these guys get here? Maybe they're me, some part I didn't know about ... what's this going to do to my theories?" — etcetera.

Finally, they managed to stop laughing and one thrust a strangely shaped object containing some sort of liquid into my hands. If was very handsomely embellished with the letters T,E,Q,U,I,L, and A, and I was really immensely pleased that they apparently liked me well enough to give me such a curious gift, and just a bit regretful that I had nothing to proffer them.

"Drink up!" one said, and jammed part of the container into my mount. The liquid, until this time reposing within the confines of aforesaid container, trickled down my throat. It burned, rather. I rather liked it.

"Have another!" he said. I had another.

"Have another!" the other said. I had yet another.

"Well, fella?" quiered the first.

"HAW HAW HAW!" I replied.

"HAW HAW HAW!" they said.

"HAW HAW!" we said.

A great deal more took place, but I am really having rather an ungainly amount of difficulty in placing it all on paper, as I am apparently suffering, and suffering severely, I daresay, from some sort of malady incurred from the ingestion of that liquid. My throat and mouth are parched, my eyes bloodshot, my head pounding, and my hands are shaking uncontrollably and to such an extent that I am somewhat amazed that I have succeeded in recording as much as I have.


Immediately upon draining some fifteen or sixteen like containers of their fluids in rapid succession, the other two fellows (Arkadaeemon and Xanthopheles — Willie and Sam to friends) fell into and now lie in heavy, though fitful, sleeps — Willie with a grin on his face and the word "Irene" occasionally escaping his lips.

I fear I must conclude this entry, reserving for another time the full details of my latest adventure, for at present it is only with the greatest of effort that I can still hold pen to paper.

Tequila,
god

P.S. If I'm infinite, where'd they come from? They also appear to be infinite — but perhaps I'm at least more infinite than they — I dunno.

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